

High School Chat.

VOL. 1.

YPSILANTI, MICH., APRIL 9, 1896

NO. 7.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[CONCLUDED]

Before my first year in the Ypsilanti High School was completed, father died and after a few months mother followed, leaving me in charge of C. D. Curran, at present the well known owner of the Cincinnati Democrat. He had an interest in the paper then, but spent his time in his bachelor apartments at Lafayette, Ohio, where he took me. I soon learned the art of writing anecdotes, and contributed nearly a column for each Sunday's issue, entitled, "From the Standpoint of a Kid." Mr. Curran touched up my articles when necessary, and in this way I supported myself and attended school. I spent three years here, held the distinction of being the wag of the school, which is a serious drawback to anybody. For once a person becomes known as a wit, he must be ever ready with the correct sharp expression when it is needed or be counted insolent, and to refrain at certain times or be counted a bore. To be a successful wit means many a sleepless night in the study of human whims. I was by no means a first class second rate student, but managed to finish a classical course. I would have given much to have been able to go back four years in my life and take up my course again. I had been impressed, however, with the distractions of a young student, and conceived the idea of a school, for boys and men, taught by the most learned of teachers. Everything would be free, even the students' board. Students would then be under the sole care of their instructors.

Even the amount of food for each would be regulated. This, I expected, would turn out athletes that would rival the ancients, while at the same time they would have more than the smattering of knowledge which one requires today at college. Of course this would mean the expenditure of millions and I went to New York to interest philanthropists. Here I succeeded in getting my picture in the New York Herald which paper advised me to return home. I made some little money in my own behalf, however, and started for the west. I located in Minnesota, and borrowed enough from Mr. Curran to start a mercantile establishment. Within two years, and while only twenty, I married the daughter of a very wealthy mine owner. This increased my income, and permitted me to attend Yale. Here I was somewhat more studious than at the high school. In five years I finished, and established my law office in Brooklyn, where, considering my years and experience, more important affairs than is the usual lot of a man young in his profession to be intrusted with, came under my consideration. It is this which has led me to think that I may yet die a sage. Financially, I am wealthy. My wife's father has left us all his possessions, which as far as possible, I am investing in Brazilian sugar fields. It is in connection with this industry that I was the subject of some little talk about two years ago. Now I am almost a millionaire. If ever I become wealthy enough, I shall not forget my idea of founding a school on a new plan.

HIGH SCHOOL CHAT.

Terms of Subscription, Five Cents per month.

JOHN ONLOOKER, Editor.
RAY ROWLEY, Business Manager.
ROY SPENCER, Asst. Business Manager.

Beside the extensive local circulation of the CHAT, our mailing list is steadily growing and we now deliver to many cities in this and in several states. All that CHAT asks for is liberal support in our school and its growth and success are assured.

As we all separate for the spring vacation, we wish you happiness and refreshment during the days of rest. There are several ways in which to spend the vacation, but we feel that our teachers are right when they encourage us to lay aside studies entirely for the week. We suggest that the boys play ball or skate on the river. The girls might well spend the time in writing poetry (?) for the CHAT prize.

You have noticed, no doubt, that these columns have been free from those expressions called puns. We wish to encourage the latter and for those who are interested in science, we recommend the Cicero class as a place to study it. No text books required only a good sized note book.

These are hard times for our base ball team. The team ought to have been practicing long ago, but owing to the hostility of the Board of Education they have been restrained from entering actively into the sport. It seems like a poor return for the Club's contributions and benefits to the school last year to so discourage all efforts in the line now. It is hoped that rousing enthusiasm may change the order of things so that this year we may win more glory than ever for the Ypsilanti High School.

We feel that we must make some mention of the numerous inquiries we are receiving regarding the dispensing with news items in the morning exercises. We were always sorry that this pleasant and important exercise was excluded from the regular program. The demand for the reinstatement of this feature is so great that a petition will probably result. German XII have expressed themselves as willing to give up part of their recitation hour to this employment. (Truly generous spirit.) We hope the Faculty will consider the matter.

We hope that the members of the school will get over the kindergarten habit of laughing so much during business hours. A good natured, whole-souled laugh three times a day is a part of our education, but to laugh at every trivial occurrence is childish. Hitherto, the Juniors have led in this accomplishment of giggling, but we hope they may henceforth refrain from this habit.

The time is at hand when people must specialize. We have long been taught that each person might do *one* thing well. All High School students should have some idea of their life work and should employ their time and energy in preparing for it. Don't be afraid to depart from the regular course or studies, that is, the course generally pursued, if you see that other branches promise you more practical fruit. We have known of boys to be almost ruined in their hopes because their parents had planned for them a *classical* education when their inborn natures demanded a *practical* one. The son of Cicero, the orator and philosopher, after spending a long time in Athens and with the best tutors in studying the art of his father, turned out a mere blockhead. Socrates said that even he could not pro-

duce knowledge in a mind without the assistance of nature. We have found our forte (?) in the editor's chair, so we are bending all energy on that. Likewise, you should find your task and do it with all your might.

Indirectly we learn that there is a thought that is haunting the brain of one of our students by day and his dreams by night, how we have the authority to call this paper the HIGH SCHOOL CHAT when we were authorized to do so by no one but our own impertinence. To everyone else the reason is obvious but for the benefit of this individual whose brain is a mirror where his mind's eye is constantly directed and he sees reflected only big I, we ask our readers' pardon for taking space to explain. We are fully aware that had we proposed to the student body that a publication was among the absolute necessities of our school, the idea would have been cherished, cuddled under the chin, pampered and petted. In fact we believe way down in the bottom of our heart that the idea would be cherished yet, and the student body only anxiously waiting for it to mature a little more, whilst they were unaware that the result of their caresses was to destroy its growth. There is one individual in every government that can govern better than all the people. There is one person in every body who can make as good or better choice than that body. The conundrum is to find who that person is. Our idea was our own, we thought we knew who was the right person and chose ourself. We call it the HIGH SCHOOL CHAT, because we intend it shall contain the High School thought. We didn't petition the Common Council, the School Board nor the students for the privilege, for the most excellent reason that it was much easier and just as legal to give it any name we desired. If that individual

hankers for a more detailed explanation, he may call at our office and we will give him a few lessons with our literary club on minding his own business.

THOSE SENIOR BOYS.

The Delta Kappa girls know how to treat the Senior boys properly. They invited them to stay at noon, April 1, promising to see that they did not starve. Suspecting an April Fool joke, they were a little backward in coming forward, but no joke was sprung on them. The Delta Kaps were out in force, also Misses Rice and Wilson. We have not heard that any one starved and do know that when the fragments were collected they amounted to a large basket full, all told.

HINTS TO THE NINTH GRADE

Take at least five studies.

Always carry all your books home.

Always remove your hat in greeting a Senior.

Don't part your hair down the back.

Tell everybody how much you know.

Indulge heartily in athletics.

Get wrinkled as soon as possible.

Have class colors, yell, song, motto, flower, etc.

(Tenth Grade, favored in next issue.)

SNAPS.

The Cicero class was without a Geer Friday.

Grace Guerin has been absent one week with a cold.

Miss Emma Sherwood, one of last year's students and sister to Miss Nellie Sherwood, called Friday.

Miss Benedict, instructor of the seventh grade, rendered a solo at the Normal Friday, March 27.

Wait for the School Ma'am.

Miss Nan Babbitt '95 was present at rhetorical the 27th.

Now is the time for students to take a dose of spring bitters.

Morris Chapin was absent a week on account of rheumatism.

Roy Hoover and Miss McDougal have had attacks of the grip.

A quarrel is brewing between the Senior and Delta Kappa girls. Why?

Miss Culver is teaching the grammar review, which began Tuesday.

The geography class finished the subject Friday. No examination was held.

The CHAT is among the few publications that does not advertise Battle Ax plug.

Principal Crittenden with the General History class visited the art museum at Ann Arbor the 21st.

Ex-Principal Sherrick, who is now studying at the U. of M., made us a pleasant call Wednesday.

The ninth grade algebra class are clamoring for an answer book. Better give it to 'em. It saves time.

The Washtenaw Evening Times scissored the CHAT for several items last issue but gave us no credit for them. Probably the Times doesn't do a credit business.

Miss Grace Matthews was greeted Wednesday evening, March 25, by a surprise party of school friends and others, the occasion being in celebration of her 17th birthday.

"It," given Monday evening was a success financially, as well as regards the performance itself. The girls inform us that they made something like \$37. Good for the Beta Mu's.

An enthusiastic meeting of those of the school interested in cycling was held the 2nd, 28 being present. Herbert Peabody,

the originator of the idea, was elected president, Miss Culver secretary, and Atwood McAndrew, treasurer. A constitution will be drafted as soon as possible.

The Vassar girls have petitioned the faculty to do away with dry essays at commencement and substitute something that will be more enjoyed. The Senior class are agitating the same thing and will decide Friday whether to do what thousands have done before them or establish a new precedent.

Quite a shocking affair occurred in the laboratory last week. The students of physics, probably the most interesting study in the school course, were asked to hold a wire connected with an electric battery. Prof. Ross pressed the button and the boys clenched their teeth and stood on one leg, while the electricity played with their toe-nails, finger-nails, shoe strings, buttons, watch chains and the rims of their glasses. But the most shocking part of the affair was the screams of the Senior girls, the like of which has not been heard since the alarm of fire was given two years ago.

While the "School Ma'am" participants were practicing one day last week, Gen. Grace Strang, with erect head, arrayed in green, and decorated with black beads, entered the hall, followed by Corporal Inez Geer, first and second lieutenants the Misses Dolbee, and privates May Creech and Grace Wiard. They marched to the tune of "We're Having Fun." After enjoying themselves immensely by making as much noise as possible for a few minutes, order was given to break camp and retreat to their barracks in the music room to the tune of "We Feel Mean." Mr. Onlooker, who was near with some X rays, decided to photograph their brains, but after succeeding in getting them through their skulls, found that their brains were too shallow to cast a shadow.

The Emporium

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